



# Trying Not To Die



221 13 24

## Chapter 1 by Cat4055

He stared at me in that should-I-shoot-you-or-stab-you way. I had gone too far, and I knew it. I had come to find the last beginning, the final portal that I hoped would take me to the One Earth, the version of our universe that the W.F.O.O.D. (Work For Us Or Die, the evil government) could not enter. I was a refugee, a girl separated from her family, hiding, running towards what I hoped would be safety. I guess that W.F.O.O.D. had heard the prophecies that have been whispered through are burned down villages.

## Chapter 2 by sharon george



The prophecy stated that a girl who was lucky enough to reach One Earth would destroy the existing government and liberate the world from evil.

## Chapter 3 by R



I hadn't thought that girl would be me. I hadn't thought I would lose my family to them. I had just expected to work for W.F.U.O.D would let me be some lesser employee. Instead, this had happened.

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My family was dead, or gone. I was the only one left. They had happened, they were in W.F.U.O.D clutches, which may have been the prophecy child. I had to be the prophecy child to open the door to the One Earth for them.

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Instead, they made someone who hated more than they feared. Who would risk their bodyguard wanting to kill them and complete the prophecy, use the One Earth to save all the Earths.

I had crossed the line. My family was doomed now, but I couldn't stop. I couldn't let them win, after all I had seen.

Instead, I ran past him towards the portal, letting the the bullets hit my body as I fell through. Hopefully, this wasn't going to kill me. Hopefully, the One Earth wouldn't be as barren as some thought it was.

I closed my eyes against the shooting pain as I shot forth through the multiverse, not even considering looking back.

#### Chapter 4 by Domingo Rodriguez



Flashing colors were all I saw as I continued to plunge through the multiverse. The pain where the bullets hit burned like crazy. The blood seeping through all my clothes. Finally after a few minutes and many flashing colors, I passed out, from the unbearable pain.

I wished I hadn't passed out, cause the nightmare I had was bad. I was with my family, enjoying a nice picnic. My mother, My father, My little brother. Suddenly, a shadow spread across the land, consuming everything in its path. My father picked up brother, and my mother grabbed me by the hand. We all ran away from the shadow, we ran as fast as we could and for all we were worth. We ran, until we came to a cliff. The roar of the water of the river down below blocked out all sound. My mother looked at me and said something. I couldn't hear her but before I could say "what?!", she pushed me off the cliff. The last thing I saw was my family get consumed by the darkness, which I could've sworn looked like a mans head.

I woke up screaming, tears falling down the sides of my face. I looked down and saw that I had bandages. I was also sitting on a bed.

Before I could figure out where I was, a boy opened the door across from my bed and said "Are you okay?!" My heart skipped a beat.

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Chapter 5 by RF

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"I think I'm ok...", I replied, after pulling the blanket up around me and sitting up a bit. My heart was beating hard from the nightmare. Not knowing where I was and being walked in on by a stranger didn't help slow it down. His big, brown eyes stared at me expectantly as he lingered in the doorway. He cocked his head and didn't blink. A silence filled the room, which had the feel of a WFUOD implant clinic room, minus the technical trappings and security guards. And plus a young boy.

"Uh, where am I?", I asked. There was something... off about him. Based on his height, he looked to be my age, about twelve, but his facial features made him look younger. His skin was incredibly smooth, his eyes were almost too large for his head. He stepped fully into the room and stared at me, eyes wide, an almost-smile on his face. A moment long enough to feel awkward passed. There's no way he couldn't have heard me and it was a simple enough question. My inner alarm bells started to go off. His behavior was making me nervous. I opened my mouth to break the uncomfortable silence, if nothing else, but before I could utter a sound he replied: "You're in a resting room." He walked very carefully to the foot of the bed and looked down at me, again cocking his head and staring expectantly.

I nodded slowly. Great, that settles that. I sighed inwardly in anticipation of the effort the next moments of conversation would likely entail. But this time he took the lead: "My name is Juan. I'm one of your post-operative attendants. Your wounds are healing nicely. You should expect to be at ninety percent health after a few more days' rest." As he talked he walked from the foot of the bed to its side, getting even closer to me. He was as handsome up close as he was from afar. His skin so smooth it looked almost pore-less... My jaw tightened and I shifted a bit in the bed, away from his approach. He seemed to note this and halted mid-step before deliberately taking a full step backwards away from the step.

I relaxed a bit and processed what he'd just told me, making a mental inventory of the feelings in my limbs and torso and trying to reconcile the dull aches in those places with my patchwork memory of the confrontation with the portal guard, the sound of the gunfire, the feeling of the bullets entering my body...

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the room draws my attention to the sheen of cold sweat on my forehead. And Juan's unchanged expression in light of my little outburst makes me feel like I lost a contest I don't understand.

Juan starts in: "You've had quite a shock. And are still recovering - "

But I pursue it, no point in playing things cool now: "Juan. You need to tell me where I am. You need to tell me how it is I appear barely injured despite having recently been riddled with bullets." I lock intently onto his placid brown eyes, this time it's me that stares at him expectantly. Juan opens his mouth to reply but then abruptly shuts it before spinning round and beelining to the door.

"Juan!," I yell at him when he reaches the threshold. "Wait!" He does, without turning around. "Just tell me one thing: is this Earth One? Did I reach Earth One? Please tell me. Please."

Juan half turns towards me and I can see that his perfect face still has upon it the expression of contentment he's worn through our entire interaction. But in retrospect I'd say there was also an air of consideration to the tilt of his head. "That location isn't among my recognized locales," he says finally, and my stomach drops slowly out from under me. But then he adds, before closing the door behind him, "but that is where your assailant seems to think we are."

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